Thou Art the Man!

Dedicated to

MISS BARBER,

"Whom I love and honor for her work's sake."

Geo. Douglas

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INTRODUCTIONS.

BY MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, PRES. W.W.C.T.U.

The Holy Spirit flames in the beautiful pages that follow; whoever hides them in his heart, and shows forth their meaning in his life, will be a co-worker with God in building upon this earth the temple of a character that is "first, pure."

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

November 30th, 1894.

BY SIR J. WM. DAWSON, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., C.M.G.

DEAR MRS. DOUGLAS,—

It seems to me a happy thought to reproduce, in a popular and attractive form, some of those fervent and eloquent appeals addressed by your late loved and saintly husband more especially to the young. I pray that the effort may be blessed of God, and that the good words of Dr. Douglas may thus continue to flow on as a purifying stream into the coming age.

Sincerely yours,

J. WM. DAWSON.

MONTREAL, *December 4th, 1894.*

BY REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D.D.

The undying memory of the great Canadian preacher will constitute the strongest recommendation that can be given to this little volume of "White Cross" addresses. Dr. Douglas was not only a great religious teacher, but a social reformer. He spoke with suppressed spiritual passion upon the awful evils of the day. He knew just where these evils lay, and his rebukes scorched as with a flame of fire and fell like hot thunderbolts upon the dishonest and corrupt everywhere. He rendered pre-eminent service to the sacred cause of Social Purity. The reading of these speeches must prove an incentive to the best and highest living, and will aid young manhood and womanhood in the building up of genuine character and conduct.

HUGH JOHNSTON.

WASHINGTON, D.C., *December, 1894.*

NOTE.—This Booklet was designed by the author to be published in the interests of Miss Barber's Rescue Work.

THE WHITE CROSS.

I AM glad that this meeting follows the week of prayer, for certainly no mission more imperatively demands to be preceded, accompanied and followed by prayer, than this perplexing and difficult work of prevention and rescue. I would regard myself as happy if the task of discussing the White Cross movement had been entrusted to other hands. The entire subject is so compassed about with the repellent, is so shrouded in revolting darkness and abhorrent to every instinct of purity, that I ever shrink from the responsibility of letting in the light and holding it up for public reprobation. Nothing but the desire to at least abate an evil, a growing evil, which is honey-combing and indeed dislocating the social life of society, prompts us to stand for the protection of innocence and the denunciation of those who are with malign and selfish intent playing the part of destroyers.

In the performance of this unwelcome task,

we are consoled by the reflection that we stand with some of the noblest spirits of our age. We stand with that peerless woman, Josephine Butler, who, with heart bereft, has, from the Bay of Naples in the far South to the mountains of Donegal in the North, lifted up her voice for the defence of innocence and the rescue of the perishing. We stand with William Stead, that great journalist who launched the shafts of dismay into the ranks of that aristocratic profligacy which is the ulcer and gangrene of English society. We stand with that rarest of patriotic scholars, Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, who, with magnanimous spirit, led the van in the conflict against the advancing hosts of social demoralization; and we stand with Frances Willard, who to the graces of refined and Christian womanhood adds the culture of the scholar, the sagacity of the statesman, and the eloquence of a Portia, her finished periods and entrancing spells having kindled the enthusiasm of tens of thousands along every valley, across every prairie, and around every shore on this American continent. In such alliance we, the advocates of the discredited White Cross movement, find an inspiration for confidence and an example for courage in the warfare.

It is the utterance of Matthew Arnold, that

if from the Greek we learn the grandeur of intellect and the science of beauty, it is from the Jew that we have derived that choicest gift of God to the race, the institution of the family! What is it? It is the corner-stone of every Christian State. It is the asylum of all virtue, and that white rose of purity under whose fragrance all that is sweet, beautiful and divine in society has been fostered. To protect the family in its integrity and virtue, to bear aloft the idea of social morality, is the most fundamental and beneficent work which can engage the sympathy and fearless endeavor of any man on this footstool divine.

We are here to level our impeachments and emphasize our denunciations against the conspiracies that are at work to degrade public sentiment and destroy the virtuous life of society.

We are here to impeach the academies of music and theatres, high and low, as at war with virtue and the sanctity of the family. Look at the modern drama. Let any man take up the list of plays blazoned on our streets, and, as a Boston critic of the stage has well said, "there is scarcely one but reeks with foul travesties of social honor and virtue." Take, for example, the most popular of all recent dramas, "Camille." Every season witnesses its

reproduction on the stage. If Langtry acts, it is "Camille;" if Patti sings, it is "Traviata," the libretto of which is "Camille," set to the sensuous music of Verdi; if the low theatres are packed, it is to witness "Camille." Who is Camille? Hear it! An abandoned woman, a social outcast, a French prostitute. In the *denouement* of the play this social wreck is presented in enamored alliances with idle and reckless debauchees. As the drama advances, it is spiced with that infamy of the French language, the "*double entendre*," full of all salacious suggestions; and then, veiled in *couleur de rose*, we have the bitter finale of the so-called woman of pleasure, in which the rubicund actress pales her face with white powder, arrays herself in a white robe, reclines all voluptuously on a couch, simulates the agonized gaspings of the consumptive, and, in villain arms, mimics the expiring groan; when, lo! your dowager duchesses of Sherbrooke Street and elsewhere draw forth their perfumed handkerchiefs and wipe their weeping eyes over this burlesque of grim death itself. But these same duchesses have no compassion, no tears for the scores of Camilles that languish in the city hospitals, devoured by the most appalling curse that can scorch and consume, that can necrose every bone in the ruined

temple of their humanity. No tears! for, as Fanny Kemble says in her "Reminiscences of the Stage," "Theatrical tears dry up the soul and deaden the sensibilities towards every charity of life." When we think of men and women, their lips moist with the very wine of the sacrament of the pure Son of God, so-called members of the Church-militant, rushing to witness such spectacles as these, can we wonder at the ruin which comes to the sons and daughters—daughters who, as recorded in a western paper, flee from homes of elegance to the haunts of death? It is time some should lift up their voices in our city against the influence of our modern stage, which Mrs. Kendal, the friend of our Queen, herself an artiste of highest character, frankly admits is tainted from its centre to its circumference—illustrated in her own play in our city which is full of jilting, reckless marriage and duelling. Over the portals of every "academy of music" and every theatre may be written in burning characters the insignia, "Who enters here, shall know sweet innocence and purity of thought no more." That blighted flower, can it ever bloom again? I say, never!

I impeach those booksellers and news-vendors as at war with virtue—men who stand behind counters and deal out the black-lettered

literature which abounds in these times, down through the slimy streams of sensational tales to the depths of the French novel of Zola, George Sand and others. Look at the sons and daughters of most Christian families; what company do they keep? In the retirement of their own room, in the silence of the midnight hour, they companionate with the pimps and vagabonds, and profligate and outcasts, creations these of the Braddons, the infamous Ouidas and the Swinburnes, all garnished with the splendor of descriptive diction, but still the product of the foulest minds of our age. The habitual companionship with vice pollutes every chamber of imagery and leaves immoral memories that no regenerative power can efface in life. Into every family, in form of novel or sensuous newspaper —the cesspools into which pours the moral refuse of the city—into every family this printed pollution is insinuating itself, and like the tainted hand, once clasped, leaves you a moral leper forever. The time has come when a moral censorship should be exercised over this class of literature in the household, and a boycott be proclaimed against every book store, every news office, that gives forth its poison to set our youth on fire of hell. Such marts of literature should be placarded in our houses as the moral pest

houses of society. I ask this audience to endorse this principle and practise the precepts. Will you do it ?

I impeach the moral sense of our city for its criminal indifference to the character of its public men. Look at the men who have been elected to our Council and civic chair. While we have had some of the noblest of citizens in high office from the times of a Viger and a Ferrier down to those of a Charles Alexander, yet the highest civic offices have been held by some of the vilest of men, and what is true of this city is true of Toronto and Hamilton, and other and larger cities, as I know. This city has elected men from whose homes virtue has fled; men who have sought to introduce the Ottoman seraglio into our country; men whose lives were a perpetual defiance of the seventh canon of the Decalogue. These men, whose immorality was flared in the very face of Heaven, have come forward again and again and have been elected and re-elected until it would seem as if vice itself were one of the credentials for high office. This state of public sentiment, which is within the recent memory of most who hear my voice to-night, justifies the demand that all good citizens should form a solemn league and covenant and decree, that no man of tainted character,

of immoral record, shall ever hold the civic chair, shall ever hold a civic office. Citizens of this audience, will you stand for the honor of your city, your homes and your God?

I impeach some of the constituencies of the Dominion of an abnegation of moral discrimination in the representatives they have sent to Parliament. There are men, living and dead, at the very mention of whose names virtue blushes and modesty hides her head; men whose characters have been kicked around the hotels and the corridors of our Houses of Parliament and then over the land; men who have introduced the continental stare of the Parisian boulevard into the streets of the capital, to the outrage of innocency. Eloquent, are the men? Yes, but it is worthless as the hackneyed snatch of a worn-out opera, given by a vagabond musician. Gifted with political sagacity, are they? Yes, but bankrupt in character, their counsels are distrusted as the trickster tales of an itinerant beggar. Name, you say, name! I will not name, for the sake of the living; I will not name, for the sake of the dead. But, I tell the constituencies of this country, East or West, which I could name, that the hour is coming, if now is, when to send men of tainted, of damaged and putrescent character to the Parlia-

ments of the land is to consign the very name of their constituency to reprobation and universal contempt. I tell these men, who have won some little political success as members or Ministers, but who bear on their forehead the Apocalyptic mark of the beast—I tell those highly honorable members whom it may concern—yes, and all rough-handed I hit them square between the eyes, when I tell them that their example and record is pestilential. It is an encouragement to youth to imagine they can enter upon licentious courses and yet win an ultimate success. But let them not be deceived; the time is at hand when the Sir Charles Dilkes and the Colonel Hallets of Canadian politics must retire before the scorn and aroused conscience of the electors of the land. We strike the tocsin and sound the knell of their political damnation. What is true of men political is true of men professional. Your libertines, legal or medical! their vocation as trusted advisers is gone, and righteously gone forever.

I impeach the accursed liquor traffic as a conspiracy against the sanctity of the family. A moralist has well said: "There is not a demoralizing league in this city but is bottomed on liquor; there is not a gambling-hell but is bottomed on liquor; there is not a house of social

sin and death but is bottomed on liquor." See you the transition? Out of the bar-room into the gambling-hell; out of the gambling-hell into the house of sin and death, of which, says Solomon, many enter but none return, for, swift-footed and sure, most find an early grave, and a ruin which the eternities shall not repair.

I impeach the class of so-called society men as at war with the sanctity of the family—the wasted scions of wealth, the degraded sons of niggard fathers; the men that rise at eleven, pay morning calls at three, and dine it and wine it and cigar it and gamble it and dissipate it, and then at the midnight hour march out of their club-houses or elsewhere, and drive out into darkness. Of all men that are utterly bereft of every instinct of manhood, commend me to these society men of libertine lives. Doubtless the most intensified villain in dramatic literature is Richard the Third. Yet even Richard had a conscience, for he soliloquizes: "My conscience hath a thousand several tongues and every tongue brings in its several tale, and that tale condemns me for a villain." But your vampire *roué*. Conscience? He has none. He will lie, he will swindle, he will cheat at cards, he will forge, he will defalcate, he will smile in the face of a man as a friend while he is wreck-

ing his domestic honor, and—as I have known—he will drink the very wine that charity has donated for his dying wife and fill the bottle with water. If I were a premier of a cabinet, a bank or railway manager, a merchant or manufacturer, and had in my employ a man of whose social irregularities I had knowledge, I would instantly dismiss him, for what do the histories of forgery and defalcation and dishonor show, but that in nineteen cases out of twenty they are the acts of libertines of the Silcox type, who are not to be trusted! I say, never! I have said that these men are relentless and without conscience and honor. I go further and say that they are merciless and heartless, who sport with the very tears and anguish of their victims. Tell me of the buccaneers of the Spanish main; tell me of the brigands of the Balkans; tell me of the very men that gambled for the seamless coat of the crucified Son of God; I would sooner trust innocence in the hands of any or all of these than with your sleek, oleaginous and pious scoundrels that float about in society, one of whom on Beaver Hall Hill, under God's sunlight, in response to the inquiry for a registry office, conducted a poor girl to portals infernal, where she was only saved by the warning and compassion of the keeper, who had more mercy than

the gilded fiend. There was never a pirate who sailed on the high seas, whose ultimatum was to walk the plank, who could equal the cruelty of these gentry that infest our streets. I will illustrate: Some time ago I had in my employ a comely Belgian girl, a devout Roman Catholic. Returning from a visit to a friend one evening she was accosted by what proved to be one of your moustached French advocates, who with Satanic gallantry sought to decoy her into one of your down-town restaurants, from which, thank Heaven, she was saved as the poor bird from the snare of the fowler. But what did that invitation mean? It meant the spiced wine and dexterous infusion of hypnotic drug; it meant darkness; it meant a terrible awakening; it meant tears—tears which neither man nor God can ever wipe away on earth—it meant the recklessness of anguish and despair; it meant the house of death whose only litany is oaths and curses, whose only amenity is brutal abuse; it meant that horror of the fallen, to become a nymph of the pavement; it meant to swing the dreadful round of street, cell and hospital; it meant the morgue, it meant the Byronic curse of Cain, where "the grass withers from beneath the feet, the earth denies a grave and heaven a home." Ye mountains of Gilboa, why break ye not into

weeping, and thou, valley of Ajalon, why wailest thou not over a ruin like this? And where is the villain who has wrought this ruination? Where? Welcomed into the salons of St. Denis and Sherbrooke Streets, whisking around the daughters of wealth in the revolting proximities and the semi-nude indelicacies of the waltz and the polka, fascinating the feminine heart like as the insect is fascinated by the devouring flame. Fascinating? Yes; all the more because of the dark romance that is whispered about that "Charlie is a little fast, you know." Fast! Yes. By oaths of eternal fealty, by protestations and perjury, he has wrought out the ruin of humble innocence, and then cast the victim aside like the trampled rind of an orange, out of which the sweetness has been expressed. This is the romance that floats about in the balls and social parties of society, concerning a man, a creature, a loathsome reptile, to be scorned, despised and ostracised—but then, ye goddesses of society, the reptile is "eligible," and has money! Beneath the circle of Orion and the Pleiades there is not a type of character more detestable and infernal than is found in some of your circulating roamers over the land for purposes diverse. With malice aforethought, stealthily as the panther they insinuate themselves into country homes in pur-

suit of their prey; like the basilisk, they betray and destroy.

I want to hold up before this audience a specimen of this *genus homo*, this *genus diabolus*, as a warning to simple and fragrant girlhood throughout the land. Some years ago, when I was in the pastorate, I was called to visit a dying girl in one of the worst hells in our suburbs. For protection of character I was obliged to take my colleague. In that abode of horror there lay on a couch a daughter of rarest beauty. I see, to-night, those lustrous, liquid eyes, shaded by the kindly lids, "whose jetty fringe kissed her soft cheek's hectic tinge." I see her wistful look of pathetic sweetness and woe, which would wake the fountain of tears from the hardest heart. But where was the man of so-called romantic love who decoyed that daughter from her green home, by lies and protestations? Was he moved by compassion? Nothing of the sort. I saw the marble-hearted fiend toying with the vilest of the outcasts in another room, while his victim, away from fond mother, her ear to be no more banqueted by the voice of love, was dissolving into death. And this dread tragedy of wickedness and woe is going forward in our city and in our streets to-night. Think of a human dog, a Toronto

dude, coming with glittering gold to the door of a Toronto haven of refuge, to tempt and decoy a winsome Magdalene out of that refuge of mercy, where she was trying to struggle upward out of the refluent waves to the foot of the cross —waves that threatened to engulf her forever. Can you think of midnight assassin more cruel? Call me extravagant! Brand me as mad! "I am not mad, most noble Festus!" Not mad, for I speak what I do know, and testify what I have seen.

What is the life of every city pastor? I do not speak of your *dilettante* gentry that prate about clerical dignity and æsthetic society. What is the life of every true pastor but a prolonged and agonized conflict with ever-revealing vice? I tell you that ministers are not the sweet innocents that your bar-room libertines and politicians imagine. They unwillingly track the footsteps down to the damning darkness of many a man who carries a bold and audacious front. It is the sorrow and burden of the ministry that they are obliged to uncover so much of this social iniquity. Of all insanities that ever possessed the mind of a young man, no delusion is greater than to suppose that he can hide his iniquity. Hide it? It is suspected; it is breathed; it is whispered; it is spoken.

He is tracked; he is leered at by the very Jehus of the street, mocked at by foes and mourned over by ministers, when he knows it not. I tell every young man, there is no darkness in which the worker of iniquity may hide himself. That which is hidden shall be revealed and that which is done in secret published in trumpet tones on the housetops, louder than noise of water shaken, louder than roll of thunders in the heaven, while its lightning shall strike him through the heart with terror and smite his future with ruin. There are men in our midst garbed with respectability; if I were to declare their doings in the demi-monde balls of New York, in the alhambras and casinos of London, in the midst of the can-can genuflections of Paris; if I were to reveal how their disguise and sham were pierced through and through, they would stand blanched with the pallor of Belshazzar when he saw the handwriting on the wall, while their dishonorable heads would be crowned with reproach and hissing. At home—respectable; immoral abroad. I tell these men, this planet is too small to silence or hide their iniquity. It will out. It will out to their eternal dishonor.

I will not flinch from the odium. I will not quail before the execration. I will welcome reproach, when I declaim against the tyranny of

fashion which sends the wife and mother into prolonged absenteeism by shore, or mount, or trans-Atlantic idling, when their conservative power should be felt in the home. I warn you, mothers, stand by your boys in the time of their moral strain; stand by your home. Never a summer passes which does not record some social disasters, which find no place of repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears.

There are men, good men, with whom I have no controversy, who in pulpits of our city are all unconsciously preaching, for the delectation of the vicious, the doctrine of an eternal hope, which practically means that men of this class who live like the devil and die as sated debauchees, will, by some *post-mortem* change, of which I know nothing, wake up among the white-robed company of the redeemed, and walk the immortalities in the fellowship of angels and of God. For my part, I stand by the old belief of the old Book, "that the abominable, the whoremongers and adulterers, God will judge," and they, with all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire—a material symbol of that rage, remorse and despair which is the second death.

I believe in the *post-mortem* unchangeableness of character. Deny it who will, it is enfibred in

the innermost beliefs of our being. Yes! "He that is holy shall be holy still, and he that is filthy shall be filthy forever." And what an eternity will men of this class have! I have thought of the great poet's immortal dream—the dream of Clarence crossing the Styx with the pale ferryman into the kingdom of perpetual night. As he entered the abode of the damned, "among the first that there did greet his stranger soul was a pale youth with bright hair dabbled in blood, who shrieked aloud, 'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence, that stabbed me on the field of Tewkesbury; seize on him, furies, and take him to your torments.'" This is a dream dramatic, but it has a tremendous significance. I think of many a lost and ruined one going down to death deeper than the grave, waiting for her destroyer. As he enters the realms of the infernal, I think of her as shrieking out, "My betrayer is come; false, perjured, cruel destroyer, who worse than blood hath shed; seize on him, furies!" and the deepest depths of the deepest depths of hell shall be his destiny.

While it is the mission of the White Cross movement to utter its protest against all evil, against those infamous and reckless divorces which are disintegrating American society and

invading our Canadian homes; while it hurls its invectives against those who fling abroad their vile badinage in office, in workshop and street, for the corruption of youth, it comes with the tenderest compassion to the wronged, the wasted and the degraded. O yes! to those whose life's roses are turned to ashes and dust, and those from whose sad hearts the music is fled, it offers a door of hope and recovery in the arms of Jesus, who with divine delicacy said to the Magdalene, "Neither do I condemn thee; sin no more."

This White Cross movement proposes to vindicate the honor and rights of woman to equality of social status. It condemns that injustice in society which condones the stronger and aggressive offender, who carries a villain heart, while it knows no forgiveness for the victimized and the wronged.

This movement proposes to labor for the elevation of woman in every sphere. It demands for her the highest culture the schools can give. It would open for her a door into the practice of every profession, secular or sacred, for which she is fitted. It proposes to place her on an equality of independence, that she may not stand in patronized weakness as a thing to be trampled under foot, but in all the self-reliance, strength,

grace, tenderness and beauty of exalted womanhood.

I have heard the magnificence of Sumner and the brilliance of Conkling, the orators of the American Senate; I have listened to Gladstone in the English Commons, and Salisbury in the Lords, and to the pulpit lights of the generation that is passing, but I never was so thrilled by the power of eloquence as when I listened to one of the freed slaves addressing a great conference in the southern city of Atalanta. That humble negro, all tremulous, came upon the platform, and thus spoke: "Mr. President, when I came into this church I was met by the Governor of this commonwealth of Georgia, and how did he greet me? Though I have been a poor slave all my life on a plantation, yet that Governor of Georgia, seeing I was exhausted, went and brought me a glass of pure cold water. When I took that water from his hand, I felt like David when the young men brought water at the risk of their lives from the fountain nigh the camp of Saul; I felt as if I wanted to pour it out as a libation before the Lord, in thanks that the brotherhood of man was coming on apace."

What Governor Colquitt did for the poor negro, that our White Cross Mission proposes to do for the lowly and the lost. It offers to their

lips the healing waters of salvation, and in the eternal years many redeemed ones will pour out their thanksgiving as a libation before God for the work of this beneficent mission. Who will join in this service of rescue? Who will, out of the fulness of grateful hearts, make an offering to save some lost daughter, somebody's child, and lead them up at last to hear "the bells of the holy city—the chimes of eternal peace"?

SOCIAL PURITY.

In venturing to offer a few observations on the subject of Social Purity, I frankly admit that it is one from which I shrink, and toward the discussion of which I come with a reluctance unutterable. Most gladly would we relegate it to the realms of shade and silence, but the controlling powers of this great Convention have selected the theme, and I bow with loyalty to their dictum, and accept the responsibility in dependence on the Master, whose we are and whom we desire to serve. Whoever enters the ranks and consecrates his endeavor to the work of the White Cross reform, and I trust thousands among you will so do; whoever enters the ranks of this reform must, in lower sense and at an infinite distance, walk the *via dolorosa* of the Man of Calvary. Like Him, he will meet the buffetings of the populace, will know the secret of a lone Gethsemane; like Him, he will ascend the altar of sacrifice, and be ready in times of

depression to exclaim, "Reproach hath broken my heart"; and like Him whose apotheosis of love and self-sacrifice blossomed into the joy and triumph of moral victory—like Him, he too shall know the gladness of planting some flowers of hope amid the aridities of desolated hearts.

In the accomplishment of this work you will be antagonized by forces within the Church. I have known men who have reviled the pulpit for its fidelity when their own sons were authenticated as the patrons of vice, and the *habitués* of shades infernal.

You will be antagonized by the *laissez-faire* men of club life, of lax morals and indifference to the sanctions of virtue.

You will be antagonized by the tainted and the damaged, whose sinister interests are imperilled; they will let slip the dogs of invective, and howl when they are hit.

But, on the other hand, I have stood in astonishment at the plenitude of voices that will ring out in your defence. Some years ago, we were induced to speak a few words on this theme, and from the banks of the Irrawaddy in farther India; and from the mountains of Switzerland; the sunny vales of France, and the Motherland, and from every province of this Dominion; from every Northern State, with some of the

Southern States; from infidels; from men of the world; from the ruined; from the poor actress of Ohio, up to the crowned leaders in Christian Endeavor, we have received words of inspiration to bear witness against the malign forces that, like the foul cancer, are devouring the virtue and confidence of existing society. Approved of God, ye young Christian workers will find approbation coming from sources of which you little dreamed affluent with encouragement.

This audience has listened to the trenchant and thrilling statements of our friend, Mr. Murphy, relative to intemperance; that is the crime of a class. Mr. Anthony Comstock, in the maturity of his knowledge, can uncover the villainies of gambling; that is the crime of a class. The defiance which is flung in the face of a divine command, ordaining Sabbatic observance; that is the crime of a class. But the crime of social vice is all-invading. It looks every man, every woman in the face, and says, "Beware!" It touches the palaces of royalty in Europe, and the dwellings of elegance and wealth in America, down to the rusticities of agrarian conditions. It touches the ducal splendor of a Marlborough down to the swags and tramps—the pariahs of society. It touches the great and dishonored statesman Dilke, whose election has

made the Forest of Dean infamous forever, down to the obscurities of student and school-boy perversity. It touches the ultimate of Parisian refinement, down to barbarities aboriginal. The White Cross Mission is a mission for the race.

If the Bishop of Peterborough affirms that the sin of England is not intemperance, but impurity, equally does this apply to the conditions of American society; if the Government and Council of Hong-Kong have been made infamous before the world by their official recognition of the outcast in that colony; if from Rangoon there comes the sad intelligence that men representing Christian civilization sustain a conventual institution to receive the contraband of their illicit depravity; if in every military cantonment of Continental India, in defiance of the abolition of the discredited Contagious Diseases Act, there is State-protected vice, making Lucknow, aromatic with memories of Havelock and victory, a hissing and a reproach; if from the Barbadoes we learn that corrupt men are laboring to legalize vice, which is the blast and mildew of West India society, and, indeed, of the entire Spanish main; if, on this continent the reckless relaxation of civil law and social usage are shaking loose the very foundation of the family institution, striking down from five to

ten per cent. of the family life of 70,000,000 people; if a tide of growing laxity is abroad, shall not the dwellers in the valley of years cry aloud to them upon the mountains to hide them in the sanctities and securities of religion until this cyclone of ruin be o'erpast?

It is forever true, that as sure as God planted an angel with flaming sword to guard the gateways to the tree of life, so sure is it that an angel with sword more avenging guards the gateways to life physical, intellectual and immortal. I say a sword more avenging.

Nemesis, goddess of vengeance! Lame but colossal of stature, with huge left arm she grasps her victim, while with the other she holds aloft the unsheathed sword to destroy. Nemesis! More terrible than the fabled goddess is the power of social sin to destroy, root and branch, the entirety of our manhood's being.

Nemesis, the goddess of vengeance! What is the most regnant attribute of our mental being? I answer, the creative and winged power of imagination. Its ideals always surpass the possible in human achievement. There is never a statue of beauty, never a monument of splendor, but you can picture a finer; there is not a resplendence in nature, not a sun, not a system in God's universe, but this power can

enshrine in a regalia that transcends the actual. Minister of sweetest piety, it can set Jesus evidently before the eyes and ascend the empyrean to the very footstool of the Divine. Yet look at this kingly attribute, which is our nearest approximation to the infinitude of God. Like Lucifer, son of the morning, this winged power can fall from heaven to hell, from realms pure and spiritual to regions foul and pestiferous—regions where every thought of the imagination of the heart is evil, only evil and that continually. Behold the steps downward! The imaginative thought, the intent, the act, the habit, the character and the destiny. When Felix Adler, the ex-Rabbi, the agnostic and æsthetic sceptic of New York, came to this city, he presented a contrast to the malicious, the insolent and the despicable Ingersoll, whose name, thank God, is given over to universal contempt. That agnostic Jew, as I heard him, acknowledged that the temple of dogmatic religion had crumbled into ruins about him, but he affirmed that the great Nazarene stood before the ages as the grandest upholder of purity in the imaginative citadel of the soul. Ringing out the words, "He that looketh upon a woman, that sinks into the concupiscence of desire, he is branded as a criminal in the presence of eternal

truth and right"—ringing out these words, he affirmed that they are the loftiest, the most incisive and authoritative words that ever fell from human lips, since they offer the only law of safety for the integrity of the race. "Keep thy heart," cries the wisdom of Solomon, the wisdom of God, "keep thy imagination with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Nemesis of vengeance! I turn to the dark record of solitary vice. This is the crime of innocence, the crime that benumbs the conscience and kills with its unkindly blast the flowers of early piety. The crime that blanches the cheek, that shakes the nerve system into ruin, that clouds the intellect, that breaks down the integrity of the will, that launches emasculated ruin into asylums of hopeless insanity, collapsing in premature death. Years ago I counted as my friend a noble Christian man who in early life had been the trusted physician of a great historic family famed for valor at the opening of the century. That man has told me in tones pathetic that the scion of this noble house presented the most tragic and appalling example of ruin. The gentle youth fell under the seductive power of this vice; it ruined his moral being; it smote his intellect with the paralysis of weakness; it destroyed every power of purpose. All

the resources of wealth were in vain, all the kindling excitements of travel were in vain, all the appliances of medical skill were in vain; in vain, as a last resort, was restraint. He crushed the casket that held the living jewel, went shivering out into a hopeless, hapless immortality, and the great heraldic name of Lord X., that had flung out its ensign on many seas, ever as the ensign of victory, was, by this form of vice, consigned to the oblivion of a now forgotten past. On the authority of our leading experts relative to insanity; on the authority of one of Ontario's greatest physicians, I affirm that this unsheathed sword overhangs almost every family where young life abides on this American continent. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear" what the ethical teacher of the ages has to say to his son Timothy—"Keep thyself pure."

Nemesis of vengeance! I turn to the consequences of associate vice. In early life it was my lot to matriculate in medical science. From the halls of the *post-mortem* anatomic analysis I have gone to the clinic wards of our hospitals. I have seen the West India fevers in their delirium; I have seen the famine plague, when over almost every couch, in every ward, there fluttered the white-winged angel of death, until

some ten thousand entered the temple of silence from whence there is no return. As a pastor I have gone through three visitations of cholera, have stood by one at the midnight hour, in the article of death, who heard the voice of the pulpit in the morning, and I have witnessed a home made desolate by a winding-sheet that enfolded the entire household in the grave; but I stand here and solemnly declare that I never knew fear until I witnessed the terrible consequences that follow the violation of God's own law of purity. I have seen a young man who, listening to the voice of the siren, once and only once, passed the boundary of eternal right. I have seen him struck with fangs more terrible than those of the cobra de capello; I saw him when every bone was necrosed and the very cranial covering destroyed; I saw him mourning at last when his flesh and his body were consumed, exclaiming, "How have I hated instruction and my heart despised reproof!" Over ruined girlhood, found dying in an abandoned house, that eloped from a New England Christian home, enticed by a villain who plucked the summer flowers and entwined them and enshrined them in the clusters of her hair, only to betray, renounce and ruin—over this dying girl have I grieved and vowed at her side eternal war against the

destroying evil. Shades of lazarettos in Blackwell and Ward's Island in Long Island Sound! Ye can tell your tale of horrors, tragic and terrible as those of Danté's "Inferno." In many a home of elegance and wealth in England, says the Bishop of Oxford, you can find some poor Lazarus, hidden away, victim of his own wickedness, who is moaning out his life without hope of a place in the bosom of Abraham.

In New York harbor, on Bedloe's Island, the Statue of Liberty lifts high its head 'mid upper air, and holds in her right hand the finest electric light in the world. Every night the birds travelling in the darkness are attracted, dazzled, bewildered, and dash themselves against the glass of that light. In the morning the keeper gathers up the maimed, the dying, the dead, and casts them into the sea. There is never a night in our cities but wanderers go forth from Christian homes of purity and peace; with the word *liberty* on their lips, they are attracted, dazzled, bewildered, and dash themselves against the seductive chimeras, entailing ruin worse than the grave. I heard a voice calling out of the past: "Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither; but he knoweth not that the dead are there, and her guests are in the depths of hell," and Revelation attests that none return to innocence, to

purity, to the paths of life, and to God. None return. None! none!

Nemesis of vengeance! My theme widens from the individual to the community, the nation, the continent itself. I turn to France, where civilization has reached its most exquisite adjustments and æsthetic achievements, but where morality is dying out as the result of licentious and ante-natal destruction. This great race—and indeed all the Latin races—is tending to imbecile decrepitude. What is alarming the statesmen of France but the fact that every year is witnessing a decline of forty thousand in its population!

I turn to this American continent. As you well know, the most august race that God ever built up came over the seas in the *Mayflower.* They planted themselves on the sterile New England coast; they battled with starvation, disease and death; decimated by Indian war, out of this conflict came the great puritanic New England race, which held empire in its brain, progress in its eagle eye, morality in its ultimate intent—a race whose heart beat time to the anthems of justice and liberty. Yes, I say liberty, for it was the conscience, the courage of the men who came out of the loins of the Marthas, the Winthrops, the Phillipses, that

amid great tribulation wiped off the black dishonor of three hundred years and gave this continent forever to justice and liberty. I look at this great race, this civilizing factor of the continent. As surely as the Indians are dying out of the West, the great New England race is dying out of the East. Look at the statistics —one hundred families in Five Points record six hundred children; one hundred families in Madison and Fifth avenues record sixty children; one hundred families in Worcester, Nashua and Fall River record seven hundred and fifty children; one hundred families in West Boston record fifty-five; one hundred families in West Montreal, three hundred children; one hundred families amid the *proletaire* of the East End, eight hundred children. It is thus seen that the outcasts of Europe and the inferior races of this continent are going in two generations to possess the land, and all by reason of the crime that accepts marital relations, but rejects the responsibilities, through devices that I refuse to suggest or name—a crime that strikes in the very heart of the Church, as well as in the world, vicious and degraded. Hide your faces, crimsoned with indignation, ye prudential ones; point, if you will, the finger of reproach and scorn at the speaker. Let my name be discounted and dis-

honored. What care I, with the sobbings of the immortal sea sounding on my ears, expectant that ere long I will launch on its waters that roll for evermore; what care I, if we can only warn off from this great crime of the age, a crime against God, against man, against the future, against the hereditary hopes of the race, a crime before which culture and moral advance go down to the dust, and the very purposes of the Infinite, touching the advance and ascent of the race, are seemingly defeated by a dread depravity.

But tremendous as are the physical and sociological aspects of social vice, still more appalling are its moral results.

What are the loftiest products of human achievement? They are not what man has built up in stone or marble; they are not what he has accomplished, but what he is in himself. Character-building, on the line of righteousness, is at once the most thrilling, enduring, outreaching, and divine possibility in man. Character, righteous character! Standing with foot on the earth, its head is in the heavens, holding in one hand the excelsior beatitudes; with the other, like the Master, it scatters benedictions. Character! It shall never die. The tomb is its enfranchisement for wider influence; it shall travel

out until it touch the shores of the infinite. The most fundamental crime that man can commit is the sin against his own character, which is sin against God. Some months ago our musical society produced Berlioz' opera, "The Damnation of Faust." There is never a day, in never a month, in never a year, but the damnation of character is going on apace. What are the foundations on which immortal character is built? I answer, purity and truth. Purity and truth! Time writes no wrinkle on their brow; age smites with no paralysis of weakness. Purity and truth! Hold them by the hand; they shall lead thee up the steeps of time and on to a blissful forever.

I am assured by my friend Mr. Budge, who knows young manhood across the continent—I am assured that intellectual scepticism is rare indeed. Your free-thought men, sincere they may be, are but scant in number. As George Eliot asserted, they are without power of organic adhesion, and, as a consequence, but feeble folk, who follow an *ignis fatuus* which is at war with the hunger of the heart and alien to every intuition of the soul. A thousand times more perilous is the infidelity of indifference, which is generated by moral decadence and wreckage. This is the devastation that is abroad amongst

young men, alienating from the Church and leading them to speak with a thoughtless bravado, in flippant tones of denial concerning sanctions immortal and retributions eternal—a bravado which I have oft seen vanish before the spectre of an immediate guilty future.

It is notable that good men and women who enter upon evil courses generally part company with purity and truth forever. Over every such brow there is stamped, by an invisible hand, liar, destroyer, deceiver. The very character is sinsaturated with finesse and deception that ripen into the defaulter, a great army in every American and Canadian city. Reform the man if you will; bring him back into the Church if you will. The mission is God-like and beneficent, but you can never bring back the man into the purity and truth of innocence. The very fibre of the warp and woof of his character is impaired. He carries with him memories, undying memories, of a guilty past, of tortuous evasions to hide the wrong, which are fatal to the fundamental idea of purity and truth. This ruination of character is more melancholy and alarming than any wreck that ever stranded on rock-bound shore. I will illustrate: Think of a great western editor, a political leader—I blush to say it, a prohibition advocate—seeking to corrupt an

officer who was set to guard and crush a place of infamy. Think of justice branding him before the face of the country as a villain with character laid in ruin. Think of a great capitalist and leader of fashion, in St. Louis, whose household were in Europe, confiding to a Jezebel his purpose to defraud the Customs when the jewels and wardrobe should arrive. Think of that Jezebel transfixing him before the country as a villain. Peerless on this continent stands the city of Toronto for Sabbath observance, for suppression of wrong, for loyalty to church organization, thanks to the noble moral inspectors, Archibald and Reburn. Think of a man with such civic surroundings, decoying a daughter of beauty, despoiling her in a cab, dragging her to a Lombard Street inferno, and finding a legal defender. Law! I bow before the imperial majesty of law. Her imprints are the footsteps of God, telling that He has passed that way. For the expositor of law I cherish profound admiration, but for the ghouls and vampires who, for a paltry fee, will defend wrong against right, pestilential villainy against innocence, who will vilify a minister of God who is standing for the protection of youth against the liquor curse! Robe such an one as a councillor, ermine him as a judge, chair him as a professor, I care

not. Such an one gives his name to infamy, reproach and disdain as a bankrupt in that character, that priceless jewel of every righteous man.

But social vice has an alarming power to eliminate every noble, merciful instinct from character. Not far from where I speak there exists in a public thoroughfare an abode, the sad antithesis of the divine, with its purple curtains and garish light, tolerated by the head of our Montreal city police, who recently with repellent audacity told a delegation of ministers that he was in favor of securing the legality and safety of vice.

In that abode there are some fifteen dejected Marianas, who smile out of the withered leaves of broken hearts on the gilded and vile scoundrels that toy with them as their pastime. Right well do these villains know that this once innocent girlhood will, by their patronage, sink to poverty, want and woe; sink to the dives of brutal abuse; sink to the street, the prison and the hospital; sink to the morgue and the *poena damni*—where, ah where? But what care these selfish, brutal men? Thoughtless youths are they, think you? Be not deceived. They are your men political, your men legal, your men banking and commercial, your men that swing

the round of pleasure and dissipation in fashionable saloons and clubs, your men that come reeling up from abodes of infamy, look purity in the face, and listen to the sweet prattle of children—children who will yet plough up the memory of their father's name with curses and seed it down with scorn.

Many years ago, when in the pastorate, I was called to visit a dying girl in the Maternity Hospital. To my ever-abiding regret, when I arrived she was gone. As I stood before that ruined form, majestic in feminine grace as the Venus of Milo, with poise of head and arched brow, with fringed eyelids half closed as if looking into the darkness, with lips disparted as if the spirit had just passed their portals, with arm overhanging the couch as if waving a last farewell to hope—as I stood there and thought of the hills of Windsor, in the valley of the St. Francis; thought of a home where the sire would never smile again, and the mother weep until the hand of death shall wipe away her tears, I declare the truth, I lie not, before God, if a pistol had been mine I would have been tempted to smite the villain to the death who, with relentless and merciless cruelty, had ruined an immortal, and broken hearts that God omnipotent could never heal in life. Of all rubbish

beneath the heaven, I count Universalism the worst. Where in God Almighty's moral universe can you commit a man with heart worse than the Malay pirate who, smiling in your face, strikes you to the death? Where but to an eternal hell? If apology I must offer for my language, then must it be that the crime transcends the possibilities of human expression.

And tell me, what are the social forces that are ever aiding and abetting this moral and social ruin of our humanity?

I charge this social ruin on the drink traffic. In the city of Corinth, side by side stood the temples of Venus and Bacchus. The shrine of the latter was held to be the support of the former, a relation this which is still perpetuated. Behind every bar of stately hotel, every room in club house for wine-bibbing wassail; every drinking restaurant down to your illicit cellars, there is a league and covenant between such and the house of death and hell. Wipe out the drink traffic from the land, and you would abate and well-nigh abolish the ruin which comes from our social immorality.

I charge this ruin on our theatres and operas. Nothing is more preposterous than the pretension that you can moralize the stage. For three thousand years the problem has been studied

and its solution is as remote as when Æschylus sang in Hellenic times. Moralize the stage! I take the socially dishonored Sarah Bernhardt, who flings her genius into her fleshly loves and portraitures of sexual passion, as expressed in her favorite play of "Camille," the French outcast; I take the "Bohemian Girl," "Lucretia Borgia," "Norma," with their extravaganza librettos of impure passion and vile suggestions set to the passion music of Donizetti, Balfe or Verdi. When stewards and elders and churchwardens rush to these sensuous spectacles; when mothers with their trooping children hasten to the *matinées* to witness the ballet with its abbreviated skirts, before which modesty hides its face and decency should retire—spectacular exhibits like these once seen are immortal in the memory, and innocence is lost forever. If Edmund Keane confessed that the influence of the theatre was to destroy the sensibilities and harden the heart; if Macready, the noblest tragedian of his day, never allowed a child of his household to enter a theatre, knowing as he did that the trend was to ruin; if the greatest authority on theatrical management affirms that the exclusion of sexual passion from the stage would in six months necessitate the closing of every theatre on this continent, what shall be

said of the coquetting with this evil which is abroad amongst the Christians of our times?

I charge this ruin on the literature of the period. From the splendor of Byronic, salacious innuendoes, which, like the whip-snake among the flowers, stings to the death, down to the brutal and swinish brilliance of a Swinburne; from the scrofulous French novel down to the innoculating sensuousness of Ouida, and the surreptitious pamphlets which float into academies and schools; from the editorial witticisms that garnish vileness to the abatement of moral revolt, down to the scandal in pictorial illustration, we have a force that is working to the moral disintegration of society.

I charge this social ruin on the abounding divorce in modern society. Discount Catholicism who will, I applaud that historic Church for its fidelity to the sanctity and integrity of the family institution. Applaud Protestantism who will, I publicly impeach and discount it for its tolerance of indiscriminate divorce, that is shaking loose the very ligatures of social life on this continent. When I am told by Nathan Willis that out of every twelve Protestant marriages in New England one culminates in divorce; when I learn that within the last thirty years, nearly five hundred thousand divorces have

taken place; when I reflect on the sin and sorrow that are concomitant as the unhappy sequence of such disruptions, with Protestant ascendency on this continent that can touch the very fountains of legislation, I affirm with undaunted front that it is an ignominy and humiliation before the world that the churches of America have stood by and winked at this ever-augmenting tide of woe, that threatens the divine institution of the family in this land.

And yet once again, I charge this ruin on the moral brigands, your leering, your loose, your men redolent with fumes of liquor and tobacco, your covert consorts with the Bohemians of our Canadian cities, the dire Dianas of Chicago, the false Penelopes of New York, the Dulciana derelicts of Washington, the Sultanas of depravity of New Orleans, the Sodom of the Gulf and San Francisco, the Gomorrah of the Pacific—I charge this ruin on men of this class, the professional corrupters of young men, who with slimy facility sneer at the honor, the fidelity, the virtue of woman, an act this which authenticates the moral putrescence of men who have reached the antipodal of all hope for recovery.

If there be one thing more than another that inspires me with hope, it is the ever-ascendant power of woman for good. In the circles of

literature, of moral reform, of church life, give her but time, give her the ballot, give her the recognition that is coming on apace, and woman —seventy per cent. of the churches of America thus loyally and politically enfranchised—will regenerate and cleanse political life, and put the impress of her purity, her elevation, on all that pertains to the recovery of this world for God. Indignation knows no bounds when we think of the damnatory endeavors of many to sneer at the honor and ministries of woman.

Force, stupendous force! I can shut out the light, I can shut out the heat, I can shut out the potency of matter; but I cannot shut out the omnipotence of love. Love, supernal love, indefinable as the fragrance of the flower, ineffable as the witchery of sweet music heard in dreams, ecstatic as the vision divine; there is not a type of manhood on this earth that holds within it a beating heart that pants for the immortal but is amenable to the forces of love. This our warranty, our guarantee, in seeking to rescue the perishing and the lost.

When the fine and fiery genius of Michael Angelo had broken down the rigidities of mediæval art, when he had carved his rough-hewn Moses, and in the passion of his soul tossed his colorings against the walls of the Romaic chapel,

till they glowed in all the wild, the gorgeous and sweet angel-forms of the "Last Judgment," how truly did he symbolize the work of the spirit of love, which out of stones can carve sons unto Abraham, and fling out its colorings of grace and beauty amid the versatilities of human degradation!

See yon girlhood, bleared, bruised and degraded to the last extremity, the consort of an abandoned negro in a Baxter Street cellar, the worst in New York. See you the shivering creature with no covering but a wrapper, dripping in the autumnal rain, finding her way to the Florence Mission. See her kneeling in penitence, and breaking out amid streaming tears:

> "The mistakes of my life have been many,
> And the sins of my heart have been more,
> And I scarce can see for weeping
> The way to the open door."

See her bruised form folded in the arms of Christian charity, and her spirit led to the Redeemer; see her slowly recovering her womanly grace and beauty; see her standing on the platform of the Cooper Institute, with the poise and power of the orator, swaying three thousand entranced listeners, who at the magic utterance of the name of Jesus bow in sympathy

and prayer, as the waving corn bows its head and drops its tears in summer showers; see her suffering the inevitable results of her wasted life, declining like the gentle summer day, and then, with the name of Jesus on her lips, ascending to the beatitude of God. See her, ye men and women of the White Cross Mission, as a trophy, an example of great possibility, which beckons you onward to rescue the perishing and save the lost.

I have heard the splendor of Gladstone, the sagacity of Cobden, the majesty of Sumner in the American Senate, and the statuesque brilliance of Wendell Phillips; I have heard the genius of Beecher, the magnetism of Simpson, the opulent diction of Punshon; but I declare I have never had my heart so moved, my spirit so thrilled, as by the testimony of some poor Magdalene that Christian charity has pulled out of the fire. I charge you, Christian workers, never to degenerate into *tête-à-tête dilettante* church parlor trifling, but strike out for God in hard work to recover the lost. I charge you to endure hardness and become good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Many years ago, when in Philadelphia, I witnessed the return of some ten thousand men from the war. How came those valiant men to carry victory in their eye and

march to the music of conquerors? Were these American lads made such by their comely uniform and the drill of their parades? How came they to carry victory in their eye? I will tell you.

Their manhood's courage was tramped into them by the march through Georgia, was rained into them by the storms of the wilderness, was frozen into them by the wintry watches around Richmond, was starved into them by the famines of Libby prison, was burned into them by the hospital fevers of New Orleans, was driven into them by the bayonets of Gettysburg—it was the blood-red discipline of war that made them good soldiers and victors. And whence come the good soldiers of Christ? Men and women who take as their models Mrs. Josephine Butler, who sacrificed her social status, and amid the serenities of age and the severities of sorrow, is still laboring for God to save somebody's daughter; Frances Willard, who turned aside from the affluence and elegances of scholarship to give the brilliance of her powers to inspire the world and lead to endeavor on behalf of the fallen; Miss Barber, who, with her refinement and culture, walked the streets of this city at midnight to bring back some poor lost sheep of the sheepfold who might never come home again.

Ye sceptic crowd, ye indolent and luxuriant loungers, who yawn out the wail, "Is life worth living?" if you would bring the beatitude of heaven to earth and the joy of the Triune into your hearts, then strike out to rescue the perishing. Christianity, maid of the morning, draped in the white robes of purity, I see her skipping along the hills, stepping upon the mountains, and from her sunlit pinnacle evermore stooping down and lifting up wasted humanity, and clasping it to her heart of love. Hide thee, my brother, hide thee, my sister, in the folds of her purity. Advance with her into the twentieth century, and on the hills of Time you may see many a white-robed pilgrim saved by your instrumentality, hasting to the heavens. "Paint me a picture," said a great master to his favorite pupil, "paint me a picture." Said the student, "I cannot paint a picture worthy of such a master." "But do it for my sake," was the response. The student retired. He hid himself for months and weeks. At length, returning to the master, he said, "Come and see." When the curtain fell the greatest picture of the age was before him, the "Last Supper," of Leonardo da Vinci. "Paint me a picture," says the Master Divine to every Christian worker in this vast gathering. Do not say you cannot, for His aid

is promised. Paint me a picture of consecrated service. Do it for my sake, and in the coming time, when we walk the corridors of the immortal, perchance we shall see on its jasper walls your pictures of consecrated endeavor, which shall be to the honor of that Name which is forever blest.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

"And he must needs go through Samaria."

—JOHN iv. 4.

THIS text, you observe, is cast in the imperative mood. Our Lord might have gone with conservative Jew, who, to avoid conflict with the despised Samaritan race, went by the valley of the Jordan into Galilee; but necessity was laid upon Him. "He must needs go through Samaria," repellent and perilous though it be. And what was the necessity in this instance?

You must needs go—when imperious strength takes unwilling weakness captive for a determined end. This, however, could not obtain with Him, whose insignia of authority was that of all power both in heaven and on earth. You must needs go—when compassionate love becomes an irresistible impulse. Far more potent than all material forces is the energy of love. It is the strength of God; it is the might of eternity. It has reversed the conditions of

human history, and walks this earth with unchallenged dominion over human hearts and homes. If the Son of God must needs go through Samaria, it was the necessity of love. Beautiful as the blossomings of spring upon the mountains, majestic as the march of the seasons to the fruitions of autumn, were the footsteps of His going, and why? Because this vindicates forever the intrinsic value of an individual soul, however famished, wasted and lost.

Now, the example of Jesus seeking to rescue the individual soul is the proposition which we design to illustrate in three particulars:

I. And first we have *the object—a pathetic object of condescending love.*

Considering the surpassing dignity of this pilgrim to Samaria, who held within Him the fulness of the Godhead, templed in an untainted humanity, what object could justify His long and weary journey over the limestone ridges of Judea, with no leafy shade to shelter from Syrian sun? Surely, you say, nothing less than the spiritual rescue of multitudes, of man in highest condition, yea, of royalty itself —the royalty of power that waves its sceptre over millions—the royalty of wealth that wields empire over the kingdom of commerce, with its

attendant enrichments—the royalty of intellect, Socratic and Baconian, that fashions the thinkings of the ages. "But my thoughts are not your thoughts, saith the Lord." Be astonished, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: the object all-magnetic which drew the Son of God, the Son of Man to Samaria, was—was what? The rescue of a social leper, of a moral outcast, the abandoned of virtue, the outlaw of every moral code that obtains amongst men, the rescue of a lost Samaritan woman. Image Divine, shrouded in the human; image of beauty; image of gentle innocence, wronged, betrayed, ruined, renounced by a villainy set on fire of hell, whose damnation lingereth not; without friends, without home, without peace or hope, without a refuge beneath the cold canopy of the starry heavens, save the den of infamy or a criminal cell—all despairing,

> "Mad from earth's history,
> Glad to death's mystery,
> Swift to be hurl'd
> Anywhere, anywhere out of this world"—

somebody's child, once fondly kissed and tenderly clasped to mother's heart, as tiny fingers reached up to sport and play with the tresses of the mother's hair, but now, stranded and wrecked on a waveless shore. Wrecked, did I

say? Yes, while cold morality, aye, and Christian charity, welcome the gilded vampire, the white-washed leper, to their parlors, and gather up the skirts of their respectability around them and with averted head "pass by on the other side," and leave the wronged and lost one to perish. Nothing, says Eidersheim, in his great work on the life and times of Jesus Christ, nothing could equal the degradation of an outcast Samaritan woman. At best, woman was the slave of the household; at worst, she was branded with infamy, scorned, forsaken, hounded out and oft stoned to death.

Woman of Samaria! what was treasured in thy dismantled womanhood to justify the compassionate toil of the Son of God? I answer, it was the great spiritual nature, which no lapse nor ruin could abolish or destroy.

Do you wonder at the Master's passionate sympathy?

Behold, as He saw—

(*a*) The possibilities of mind awakening in this Samaritan Magdalene. What enginery of human device ever conveys the remotest conception of the movements of understanding, memory and will? Let them be buried never so deep, let them slumber never so soundly, yet, if you wake them up they come forth all-glorious in

their powers. Wake up the shepherd-boy in his rustic heedlessness, and you have a Ferguson that walks the heavens in the triumphant march of his thought, counts the number of the stars and tells the names thereof. Wake up that reckless truant youth of Stratford, and you have the mind that takes the bearings of spirits immortal and tells their latitudes and longitudes as man had never done before. Wake up that desperado sensualist, and you have the resplendent intelligence of an Augustine that formulated and fashioned the doctrinal truths of Christendom. Wake up the lowliest and the lost, and he shall stand with uncovered brow and say:

> "I am owner of all the sphere,
> Of the seven stars and the solar year,
> Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
> Of divinest heart and Milton's strain."

Wake up, I say, that lost woman of Samaria, and she shall grasp the spiritualities of God, recognize the Divine in Christ, and proclaim His omniscience with such a power as will win the faith of many a rebellious heart. You can as soon pull down the mountains and dry up the sea as arrest the awakened intelligence of this lost Samaritan woman.

And then behold, as He saw—

(*b*) The possibilities of moral uplifting in this woman of Samaria.

In the researches of Dr. Schleimann, amid the antiquities of the Troad, we are told that he dug through the ruins of the Christian ages; that he dug through the ruins of the post-Phœnician and the Phœnician ages; that he dug through the ruins of pre-historic ages, and at length uncovered a casket which held jewels rare and precious. Though the superincumbent ruins of some ten distinct civilizations had buried them through the long centuries, he found them untarnished and unimpaired. Now, we are told that by the laws of what is called heredity, the nature we inherit can, by a descending process, be buried so deep in moral ruin that every possible virtue is lost utterly and finally. They tell us that out of the household pure and spiritual there descends the material and worldly; out of this the indulgent and sensuous; out of this the impoverished and vicious; out of this in its last analysis a creature emasculated, brutalized, hopeless, hapless, lost. I stand here to declare that beneath the rubbish of the worst type of humanity you can find a jewel somewhere. There is not a man or woman on the face of this earth but in the redeeming purpose of God is predestinated, if he will, to be conformed. Conformed

to what? Conformed to the prophet of vision who, with lips touched with heavenly fire, cried "Lord, send me?" Conformed to the man who dared the den of lions rather than dishonor his God; or to the exile of Patmos, the ecstatic apostle of love? More abundant dignity than this. It was the high predestinating purpose of God to conform man to the image of Him who gathereth within Himself all the moral graces of time and all the moral wealth of eternity in one concentrated brilliance that shall enchain the homage of redeemed intelligence along the lifetime of the eternal.

Out of the malarial swamps of Indiana I have seen the prairie roses, warmed by the sun and comforted by the dews, open into beauty and distil a fragrance that filled the land. And this was the moral outlook that opened before the woman of Samaria, replete with beauty, with hope resplendent and the coronation and triumph of grace divine.

And then behold—

(*c*) The possibilities of indefinite development in this woman.

I have planted the embryo tree, a tiny shrub. In twenty years I have seen it lift its lofty crown and wave its leafy branches like banners in the breeze. In fifty years it will have reached

its maximum, and decadence will begin. But suppose that this tree had the power of indefinite development, that it would continue to expand through the centuries on to the forever, you can think of a time when it would fill the earth and fill the heavens with its ever-expanding power. What is impossible to the tree is a property in the spirit of man. At ten years the mind begins to open; at twenty it has graduated into the circle of science; at fifty it has widened out into the realms of all knowledge; at seventy the mighty mental engine is driving on, while the physical, like a decaying ship in stormy seas, may be shaking to its ruin. That mighty enginery is to work on and out forever in an everlasting approximation to the infinite and eternal. Who can think of this without being overwhelmed with the stupendous treasures of power that slumbered in this woman of Samaria? Ah, thou dismantled womanhood, coming with thy pitcher to Jacob's well, we love to think of thee. Dark and regretful though thy history be, yet thou standest as the beacon-light of hope, telling that fallen one that she may be redeemed, regenerated, and walk the heavens in the white robes of purity, holy, angelic and divine.

What imperishable grandeur and value is here!

II. This brings us, secondly, to consider *the suggestive methods employed to win this object of condescending love.*

It was six o'clock in the evening when the Master with the disciples, all foot-sore and weary, came to Jacob's well, known as the "well of refreshing."

A mile distant lay the city whence the disciples departed to procure food, while the Master alone sits by that well, memorable as the only spot on this earth of which we are certain that it was pressed by the footsteps of the Son of God.

Seemingly all accidental, but doubtless arranged in the purpose of Heaven, a lone woman stood before the lone Redeemer. As Corregio, in his wondrous picture of the Nativity, made the manger bright with the illumination that came from the face of the infant Jesus, so this narrative is made luminous and suggestive by His exquisite sympathy and unfolding of love.

Here I ask you to consider the instructive stages of compassionate love in winning the loyal submission of this alien heart to the Divine.

(*a*) Observe love in the adroitness of its approach.

What is the strength of any being?

It is that power of will which is a part of the natural image of God in the soul of man. Will! the power of will! It can ring out its defiance against the Infinite, and determine adversely to all remonstrances of love. Now, strengthen this will with the bitterness of prejudice against a hated race, with the aversions of ignorance, with the instinctive antagonism between virtue and vice, and you have this woman of Samaria as she stood before the Son of God. How is she to be won to the pure and the good? Happily for our humanity in its worst conditions, there is always some avenue of approach to the heart, if you can only find it. In the city of Liverpool, where I think womanhood has reached its deepest degradation, a poor outcast was seen with dishevelled hair, with bruised face, dazed with liquor, passing along a crowded street. A cry of distress rang upon her ear. A child was being trampled beneath the horses' feet. In an instant, at the risk of her life, she sprang to the rescue, clasped the little mangled form in her arms, and rained her tears in the sufferer's face. The cry of distress found its way to that woman's heart. It said, "Give me help," and she was won for the succor of the little one. "Give me help" is the sign-manual of the freemasonry of all time. "Give," says God to the orient sun,

and it pours out its generous light. It lives only to give. "Give, ye crystal fountains and thou fruitful earth." They live only to give. Oh! but unconscious givers are ye all. It is in the royalty of woman's heart that the instinct to give assumes its most angelic form. Degrade her as you will, let her be trampled in the mires of deepest depravity, this jewel of the heart survives the wreck. And herein lies the adroitness of love. Not by the assumption of superiority did Christ win the woman of Samaria. It was by an expression of want, an appeal to her sympathy, "Woman, give me to drink," that the citadel was taken and the woman was won.

Wouldst thou, a hated Jew, win a lost Samaritan? Then, like the Master, come in lowliness, ask for a simple favor, say, "Woman, give me to drink."

(*b*) Observe, again, love as awakening desire. The Samaritan woman stands before the Master Divine. The fashion of her countenance has strangely softened. His request for a simple favor disarmed the bitterness of her prejudice. "Jew," she exclaims, "how is it that thou asketh drink of me, who am a Samaritan?" Behold! what the storming artilleries of earth could never do, love and tact have accomplished. They have found the way into the mystery of that woman's

being. Mystery of being! says Matthew Arnold; that is, the solitude, the loneliness, the separation of the individual soul from every other being in the universe. Mystery of being! In life's sweetest fellowship, what know we of the inner thinkings of those who have walked by our side? There are subterranean galleries and vaulted depths of thought, of feeling, of desire, of memory, which will never be revealed to a listening ear in time, and the eternities will never declare. "I am," says Pascal, "alarmed and terrified by the thought that I must walk the eternities, isolated, alone, closed in forever." What proclaims the majesty of the lone mystic, individual soul? It is the transcendence of its want, unsatisfied amid the material vastitudes of the universe. Hunger! I perish with hunger, is the cry of the world's prodigal heart. The charm of song, the witcheries of art, the opulence of wealth, where every wish may be gratified, the pomp of place and power—can these fill up the elastic spirit or quench the insatiable thirst of the heart?

I have a friend who crossed the Atlantic with one of New York's millionaires only a few months prior to his death. He has repeatedly told me that the man seemed the concentration of extremest woe. Despair was in his lack-

lustre eye, and gloom mantled his countenance. Master of three hundred millions, who could have bought up the principalities of earth, is this all that your unrivalled fortunes could give? "All this have I seen under the sun," cries the preacher, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Woman of Samaria, though lowly be thy lot, this touch of nature—lone and weary of heart, unsatisfied—makes thee akin to the entire race.

But who is this that seeks to kindle desire for a nobler life and higher good? It is He who said, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." Woman of Samaria! Standing amid the amplitudes of being, thy spirit unsatisfied, the fulness of God is at thy side. If thou wilt only ask of Him, He will give thee a secret, a talisman for creature good, when lo! thou shalt thirst no more.

Wouldst thou, Jew, win a Samaritan? Then must thou awaken desire, tell her of Jesus, the gift of God, the fountain of a perennial joy.

(*c*) Again, observe this love instructing ignorance.

The ministry and teaching of the Son of God have a bold and defined individuality which has

never been approached by the most gifted and artistic teacher of the race. We miss in His teachings the rapture-strains of a David, the dramatic apostrophe and towering sublimities of an Isaiah, as He invokes the stars and marshals the mountains and the hills to break forth into singing, and all the trees of the fields to clap their hands at the coming of the Deliverer. But in the teaching of the Master Divine we have compensation, yes, abounding compensation, in the sweetness of that simplicity, in the depth of insight, in the matchless revelation of an eternal hope, which everywhere proclaims the footsteps of a God. Everywhere there is the adjustment of His teachings, so that they command alike the homage of peerless intellect or infantile heart. Where, in the heavens above or on the earth beneath, can we find an element to symbolize Divine grace to lowliest mind, like water! Water! It is cleansing; so is Divine grace. Water! It is the condition of all life and growth. The wilderness is glad and the desert rejoiceth for it; so with Divine grace. Water is satisfying to the parched traveller in thirsty lands, and this is the property of Divine grace; it can fill the spirit with abiding joy. Water! Descending from the heights, it accomplishes its mission and ascends to its primal source, and this is true, pre-

eminently true, of Divine grace. Descending from the bosom of God, through the grace of the Lord Jesus, by the Spirit it ascends in the aspirations of gratitude; it distils into the language of thanksgiving and the voice of melodies —melodies that shall be perpetuated through the everlasting life.

Dimly, at first, the spiritual idea came in upon the shrouded mind of this Samaritan, but at length catching a conception of something higher than water, so precious to the Asiatic, she cried, "Sir, evermore give me this water."

Wouldst thou, a Jew, win a Samaritan? Then must thou stoop to lowliest conditions, and tell out the mysteries of grace through the exquisite symbol of living water.

(*d*) Again, observe compassionate love arousing the conscience.

All teachings that fail to awaken, to break up the depths of the soul, are but temporary in their effects.

Observe the process here. The Son of God reveals His Divinity in His omnipresent and omniscient power. This weary man who sat by the well, what sublimity lies treasured in Him! Sitting there, He is yet present in heaven with His holy angels and present in all space. He is present where rolls the thunder

and flashes the lightning, where rages the hurricane and whispers the breeze, where broods the darkness of hell, and light wakes its everlasting pinnacle. Language cannot rise, ideas cannot reach what is comprehended in an omnipresent and omniscient Jesus. Before the Heart-searcher stood this woman. He looked through her innermost being. Terrible is the cyclone as it breaks upon a habitation and sweeps it with the besom of destruction. Terrible to me was the moment when the train left the track, went over the embankment, and death came to some in the car; but more terrible is the moment when we awaken to the fact that every secret avenue of the soul, every event of history, is laid bare to the eyes of an omniscient God. "Woman, go, call thy husband." "Sir," said the dissembling woman, "I have no husband."

Like the rending flash of lightning in midnight darkness that reveals a yawning chasm beneath the feet, the thunderbolt came, which revealed to her that her iniquity was known.

No husband! "Thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband." Arrested, impaled by the shame of her own wickedness, what shall she do? Demon of darkness, garbed as an angel of light, darest

thou to mislead this tremulous soul in the crisis of her life! Avaunt! get thee gone. This woman at thy suggestion would parry the damning disclosure by a frivolous question. "Sir, I perceive thou art a prophet, and if a prophet, whether is Jerusalem or Samaria the place to worship?" But she is transfixed by the thought of a heart-searching God, omnipotent to save, almighty to avenge and destroy. The Messias has come and has told her all things.

Wouldst thou, a Jew, win a Samaritan soul? Then must thou appeal to the omniscience of Jesus, who shall for the deeds done in the body bring into judgment.

(*e*) And now observe compassionate love in its blissful surprise.

For four thousand years God had been making revelations of himself. Tell me, if you will, of the fellowships of the Garden before the footsteps of the curse had blighted it forever. Tell me of the Angel of the Covenant in His comings to the patriarchs. Tell me of the awful grandeurs of Sinai, of the consecration of the temple filled by the Divine glory. Tell me of these. I pass them by for the moral sublimity of this sacred hour. There sat the Heavenly and all that heaven could give. There stood the earthly and all that earth could do to ruin and destroy.

Alone with Jesus. Alone with the Beauty of Holiness. Alone with the only personage in the universe that could break through the mystery of her being and light the desolated heart with an imperishable joy. Oh, divinest hour in that woman's life and in yours, my brother and sister.

> "Ring the bells of heaven, there is joy to-day,
> For a soul returning from the wild;
> See! the Father meets her out upon the way,
> Welcoming His weary wandering child."

Welcoming! for I that speak unto thee am He, thy Saviour and thy God.

Having found the Pearl of great price, see her, with loving impulse, on flying feet running and crying as she runs, "Come, see a man that told me all that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?"

This is the first direct triumph of the White Cross Mission of the Son of God to be followed by a thousand thousand more.

III. This brings us, thirdly, to consider *the astonishing revealings to this object of compassionate love.*

With nothing are we more familiar than the devout demand on the pulpit for what is called a simple Gospel.

Disdainful impeachment and the invective of

ridicule are often directed against that ministry which would inspire thought and exalt character by seeking to unfold the fundamental principles of our Christianity. How triumphant is the rebuke which the example of Christ directs against all such frivolous impeachments. This Samaritan woman, as we have seen, stood in the lowest stratum of society. The limitations of ignorance compassed her about. I ask you here to accentuate the homage, the transcendent homage, which the Son of God pays to the intellect of woman; yes, to the intellect of that lost Samaritan by giving to that woman a revelation more profoundly sublime than ever came to patriarch, to singer, to prophet or apostle, uncovering, as it were, the very essence of the Godhead to her mind. Well of Jacob! thou art glorified forever as the scene of this revelation.

"Woman," said the great Teacher, "God is a Spirit." Nearly five hundred years before that hour, the Platonic mind had propounded the spirituality of God, but it was only a speculation. In subsequent times, the teaching of Epicurus and Lucretius abounded with theories of a universe that held nothing but matter. Far and wide had these rival philosophies gone, till at length the supreme hour had come when the nature of the Divine essence was authenticated by this announcement that "God is a Spirit."

It is interesting to observe how the assurance of this great truth is strengthened by a process of analysis. Two substances are held as existing in the universe—matter and spirit. How do we define matter? By such properties as magnitude and weight. And how Spirit? By such attributes as intelligence and desire. How shall I come to the knowledge of matter? By the senses. And how shall I know spirit? By the consciousness of thought, of will and of affection. Made in the image of God, says our Genesis of Revelation—by the law of Newtonian induction, out of our finite spirit limitations we rise to the conception of an infinite spiritual nature, with thought, will, emotion. A Spirit—immanent in creation, His will the source of all power. A Spirit—whose thinkings embody the wisdom of eternity in our revelation. A Spirit—whose emotional essence interpenetrates His being as all-pervading love. And this ideal of inductive thought is confirmed to us forever by the testimony of Jesus, that "God is a Spirit." A Spirit! Not the Pantheistic dream of a Spinoza, but a personal Spirit—a personal God, tangible and defined.

But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? Immanuel—God with us! Thou art the answer, and abiding worship its assur-

ance. They that worship Him must worship in spirit. What is worship? Worship is the reverence of one spirit for another; worship is devotion; worship is prayer; worship is the approach of unworthiness, through mediation by blood.

Worship tells me that the nature of God and the nature of this Samaritan woman were alike in their affinities. Oh, the grandeur of our Lord's revealing! that neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem is worship localized. Temple of Christianity! Its area is Immensity; Immortality its walls; Eternity its light. Every devout heart stands within its sacred courts, and hears the everlasting High Priest, the true Shekinah, say, "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end." With thee, thou penitent Magdalene!

How astonishing is the folly and degradation to which modern scepticism would lead us! Denying the existence of a God, it would supplant the worship of the Divine by what is called the worship of Humanity.

Humanity in the past, held in the homage of memory; in the present, as kindling admiration for virtue; and in the future, an ideal of what is to be. And this is the substitute—the vapid and empty substitute which the apostles of

Positivism would give us for the heart-healing worship of the Divine!

But the climax of our Lord's revealing has come. A Spirit! More than a spirit. A being that accepts our homage. More than this. A Father—a seeking Father. "The Father seeketh such to worship Him."

A seeking Father! What a world of tenderness clusters around the very term! If I walk with those who have laid bare the ribs of this planet, what revelation do I find there? A carnival of death, that shrouds the benevolence of a creating God in mystery.

If I take my stand with the great leaders in the discoveries of the present, who are resolving everything around us into their original elements, and will shortly demonstrate that all light, all heat, all force, are in the very air we breathe, what revelation do I find there? Intelligence and art, and the impress of beauty, but mercy—there is none. If I ascend the heavens, what do I find amid the fiery hosts in their solemn march along the immensities? The omnipresent energy of God—yet no compassion lingers there.

But my faith gives wings to my thoughts. Beyond, and above, and through all, I see an Almighty Father who is seeking His lost and

perishing child. O the sweetness of this revealing! You have seen, and I have seen, the father as he returns from his toil. When he is come to the door of his home, little eyes of love were watching for him—a little hand threw open the door, and a little form rushed into his embrace. But I think of him as coming and finding no watcher, no open door, no glad embrace. He enters—there is silence. Where is my child? He seeks from room to room, and finds at length the object of his love, with affrighted guilty look. The sight of the seeking father breaks the heart of the offending little one. The seeking father says to the penitent child, "Come to my arms, my darling; I freely forgive you." When clasping her in his arms, with smiles twin-born with tears, she sobs her grateful love upon the father's bosom as a happy, sin-forgiven child. Oh! give me the power to stand upon the high places of this earth, and tell a world of wandering children that the Father is seeking them. Give me the power to inspire their hearts with the belief that the Father is reconciled to them, and waits to clasp them in His welcoming embrace, and I would chase misery from this earth, and fill the world with floods of joy.

I think of the ninety-and-nine, of the good shepherd going after the lost sheep. How tenderly has this been told in the Southern dialect:

"De Massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin ;
So He call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
'Is my sheep, is dey all come in ?'

"'O den, says de hirelin' shepa'd,
'Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's poo' ole weddas
Dat can't come home agin—
Dey is los' and good for nuffin'—
But de res' dey's all brung in.'

"Den de Massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadow
Whar de long night rain begin ;
So He let down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof' 'Come in, come in.'

"Den up tro' de gloomerin' meadow,
In de col' night rain and win',
An' up tro' de gloomerin rain-paf',
Whar de sleet fa' pircin' thin,
De poo' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes a-gadderin' in."

It is never the thirsty earth that seeks the rain-drops, but the rain-drops that seek the thirsty earth.

It is never the scorched and drooping flower that seeks the dewy eve; it is the dewy eve

that seeks and shades and folds in its cooling arms of night and drops its all-reviving tears to help and heal the drooping flower.

It is never the poor lost sheep, bleeding and tangled in the thorny thicket, that seeks the shepherd and the ninety-and-nine. It is the shepherd that seeks the wandering sheep. And is it not the Father who runs to see the prodigal? And He is seeking to-day. Seeking in the sweet openings of childhood; seeking along the adventurous pathways of youth; seeking amid the joys and sorrows of family life; seeking in all the appeals and blessed influences of the sanctuary; seeking, ever seeking, in life and in death, to win the wanderer. "Come home, thou wandering child, come home, come quickly." "Come, come." "The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come.'"

And now, my message shall be a failure if it awaken no purpose, no determination to begin to seek out and try to save the lost.

You tell me you are converted. What are you doing? You are accepted by Christ. What are you doing? Making Him a ladder to climb into heaven regardless of others. I tell all such that Jesus Christ will reject you. "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, my little ones, ye did it not unto me." Depart!

Oh for consecrated men and women to be seekers of the lost! Not by elegant churches and graceful formalities, and the single pastor, is the world to be saved, but by the universal priesthood of God's people. Without this, in spite of Bible, Church and Redemption, the world will be lost.

O tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nation, planted with blood, rocked by the storm, stricken by the lightning, whose bark has been scarred by the tusks of the wild boar of human passion, oft hath the whirlwind bent thy branches to the earth, but, all elastic, they have sprung back in columned majesty.

Beneath thy shadow we stand. All beyond are perishing. Shall we not with uplifted hand pluck the fruit of this tree, that the perishing may live forever?

Begin this work of mercy right speedily, nor end it till life shall end on earth and be begun in Heaven. Amen!

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Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson, D.D., LL.D., the distinguished English Wesleyan Minister, Principal of the Children's Home and Orphanage, London, writes as follows to the London *Methodist Recorder:*

A NOTABLE MAN.

I have received from Canada a book which brings before my mind a notable personage. Its title is "George Douglas: Discourses and Addresses." For many years George Douglas was a most picturesque and noteworthy figure in the Methodism of Canada. All the honors in the gift of his brethren he received. He had a vivid imagination, a great gift of language, a passionate hatred of wrong, and a rich and deep spiritual life. A strong, flexible and musical voice, enabling him to make the best public use of his many endowments, had made him an exceedingly popular preacher.

During all his later life a pathetic interest was added to all his work by the terrible afflictions over which his heroic spirit gave him constant victory. With the possible exception perhaps of Dr. Milburn, he was the most eloquent blind man of our time; and triumphed as completely over his terrible physical disadvantages as did Henry Fawcett.

The volume sent to me contains a sketch which might well take its place among the biographies of the most notable of the Methodist preachers; and the book is filled, as its title indicates, with representative discourses and addresses. These discourses lose less than most in being read instead of heard. They are full of fire and life. No man can read the sermon entitled, "A good man full of the Holy Ghost," without being both humbled and quickened. The addresses are not only brilliant, but deeply interesting because of the occasions which called them forth. I count it a privilege and an honor to ask the attention of the Methodist people of England to this interesting volume—memorial as it is of a remarkable man and preacher.

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